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American Anthropologist

NEW SERIES

VOL. 21

JANUARY-MARCH, 1919

No. 1

THE INDIANS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CUZCO

BY OSGOOD HARDY

IN no country of the world is the elevation of the earth's surface a more dominating factor in the determination of the life and characteristics of the inhabitants than in Peru. Situated as it is only a little south of the equator, altitude determines what crops shall be raised, what clothing the inhabitants shall wear, and of what material their houses shall be built. As the country is still relatively low in the scale of civilization, and there is little modern industrial life, the response to the importunities of nature is very great; in fact it is so great and follows such regular rules, that with an accurate topographic map at hand, one who has spent a few months traveling in the Department of Cuzco can describe quite accurately the physical characteristics, the customs, and the economic life of the natives in any given locality of the department, whether he has visited it or not.

This section of Peru divides itself naturally into three zones whose differentia is altitude. These are, first the highlands or belt of puna, devoted to grazing and potato farming which is carried on throughout the country from 12,000 feet above sea level upwards to nearly 15,000 feet at times; second the cereal belt, included between 12,000 and 7,000 feet; and third, below 7,000 feet, the belt of tropical agriculture.

The boundary lines, of course, are not exact, and the three belts shade into each other, but the character of the Indian life in each section is so different that a discussion of Cuzco natives must, if logically carried out, bear these natural divisions constantly in

mind. With these divisions in mind then, the various features of Quichua Indian life will be dealt with as they impressed themselves on the writer during the year and a half spent as Chief Assistant and Interpreter of the Peruvian Expedition of 1914-1915, sent out under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographic Society, and directed by Dr. Hiram Bingham.

The Indians of the Sierra have the least mixed blood and the mixture increases as one goes lower. Those of the towns have a greater mixture than those of the *fincas* or *haciendas*;¹ the latter in turn have a greater percentage than those who live in the outlying districts. There are few towns or parishes of over 200 in which the *mestizoes* do not outnumber the pure Indians; Chincheros—three and a half leagues from Cuzco only, but off the main trails—is the chief exception. With a population variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000 it has not over 20 per cent. mixed blood. On the other hand such places as Urubamba and Ollantaytambo probably cannot boast of more than 25 per cent pure blood. The figures are only estimates as no data can be secured. On the plantations, the percentage of pure-blooded Indians is probably still less.

In physique the Indians of the Sierras are much more attractive than those of the lower regions. Bronze skinned, of medium height but with huge chest expansion and wonderful leg development, some of the men of the *punas* present a striking appearance. Those of the lowlands, although lighter in color, are generally more ill favored and lack the ruggedness of feature possessed by those of pure blood. They are smaller, less healthy, and show more marks of dissipation. The pure-blooded women are rarely attractive. In fact only in Huaracunda did I ever see an Indian woman who was not either too rotund or too emaciated in appearance. The two exceptions were sisters, of a beautiful copper complexion, fine cut features, of average height, with a good carriage, and exceedingly neat. The chola women of the Urubamba section are more attractive than their men, with more regular features, but very much inclined towards obesity, a characteristic acquired with their Spanish blood.

¹ A *finsa*, corresponding to our term, farm, is an estate in the cereal and *puna* belts; an *hacienda* is an estate corresponding, in the tropical belts, to our southern plantations.



"In many of the glacial valleys the inhabitants are afflicted with huge goitres, which naturally give them a most unprepossessing appearance. Goitres are equally common among men and women."



Residents of Huaracundo, twenty-five miles from Cuzco.

Practically all the natives have dark hair and eyes. The hair, straight and unkempt, is usually short. The men have theirs cut semi-occasionally, or perhaps it is better to say, haggled off. The women also cut theirs at times, but even when it is allowed to grow it is rare that it comes below the shoulders. In many of the glacial valleys the inhabitants are afflicted with huge goiters, which naturally give them a most unprepossessing appearance. Goiters seem to be equally common among men and women. The ravages of smallpox have also disfigured a great many.

For the most part the natives have poor health. All seem to be troubled with catarrhal affections, these being more common in the higher altitudes. Smallpox and fevers of various kinds are common also. The inhabitants of the tropical belts are inclined to be pot-bellied, as a result of malnutrition I suppose. I could find no evidence of large families, four being the greatest number of children to which any Indian would admit. This is probably due to a high infant mortality rather than to a low birth rate. Eye troubles seemed prevalent, for which kerosene was the favorite remedy: in fact, in the higher altitudes it is used as a specific for almost any disease.

There is a great variation in the matter of dress. In the uplands both men and women keep to their old style of clothes, but as one goes down, modern styles appear, until in the tropical belt the stiff, broad-brimmed hat and the hand-woven poncho have disappeared entirely. The man of the uplands is clothed in rawhide sandals, close-fitting knee breeches of brown homespun, held up by a hand-woven, many-colored belt, a V-yoked, sleeveless, homespun shirt, usually blue in color, gray woolen sleevelets, a variously-colored poncho, a close-fitting woolen cap, and a broad-brimmed, stiff, reversible hat, covered with red woolen cloth on one side and black velvet on the other. The length of the breeches varies somewhat: in Marcacchocha, above Ollantaytambo, they come halfway between the knees and the ankles, are split up to the knee at the sides, and much ornamented with pearl buttons. In most places they are plain and come only to the knee, and quite often scarcely to it. When at work the Indian protects his breeches by wearing

a sort of homespun apron, this often of untanned cow-hide. His woolen poncho serves as raincoat, blanket, and knapsack, as the need may be. It is usually of many-colored stripes. The coloring and width of these vary in different localities, as does the coloration of the hat, so that one who makes a study of it can, by the appearance of an Indian's poncho and hat, designate the neighborhood from which he comes. As one goes lower, the men's breeches are observed to be getting longer, until in the tropical belt they have become trousers. Here homespun disappears and machine made cloth is used. Cotton takes the place of wool, and a man's clothes consist of a battered felt hat, cotton shirt, a cloth or leather belt, and cotton trousers, usually homemade. Throughout all sections the pouch for carrying coca is so necessary an appurtenance that it may be considered as part of the dress. It is sometimes a woolen bag, but more often it is made of untanned cowhide.

The same general differences may be noticed in the case of the women. Skirts get higher along with the altitude, until at some places, such as Marcacocha, they scarcely reach the knee, and give a decidedly fashionable effect. In the highlands the woman's hat closely resembles the man's (usually a bit smaller in circumference), but she never wears the woolen skull cap. To match the poncho she has a *lliclla* or shawl, the upper corners fastened in front with a silver pin or *topo*. The head of the *topo* usually has the shape of the bowl of a soup spoon; its shaft is like an enlarged hat pin. It is often decorated with several small emblems such as a fish, sun, or star, hanging by means of small chains about two inches long. The *topos* are quite apt to be rather old, and to have been handed down for several generations. It is usually difficult to buy them, but while I was in Ollantaytambo, one financially embarrassed old woman parted with one for four soles (\$2.00 gold). In Chincheros all the women seemed to have a new and an old *lliclla*, the latter worn around the shoulders all the time, and the former used as a head covering at Mass. After the service this was carefully folded up and put away until brought out again the next Sunday. The short-sleeved waist is open at the neck. Like the waist, the skirts are usually solid-colored, and among the highland women almost

always of a dark blue. As one goes lower, there is noticed a gradual lengthening of the skirts (likewise an increase in number). A felt hat takes the place of the broad-brimmed, stiff hat, and machine-woven cloth that of homespun. The *lliclla* becomes smaller and the solid colors more striking, usually pink or blue. The waist is commonly a nondescript color, possibly at one time white. The skirts are much more vivid; light blues, pinks, and greens predominate. It is said that the wealth of a valley woman can be told by the number of skirts she has, as each new one is put on over the rest, and the old ones kept till they drop off.

The home of the highland Indian is a crude affair, about ten feet square. The walls are of stone and mud, and the roof is thatched with *ichu* grass. There is no chimney and the smoke from the cow and llama-dung fire, built for cooking, never for heating purposes, makes its escape through the interstices of the roof and walls, and oftentimes through the upper part of the low doorway. There are no windows, for fresh air is considered man's greatest enemy. The hard ground serves for a floor. Household furniture is extremely simple, consisting of several earthenware plates and cooking *ollas* (occasionally an iron kettle), a few wooden spoons, sheep skins, and woolen blankets. Oftentimes an old muzzle-loading 16-20 gauge shotgun will be seen standing in one corner. A rude native axe, hoe, spade, and hunting knife usually make up the stock of tools.

In the cereal belt the houses are more apt to be built of sun-dried bricks (*adobes*), made of clay and straw. Quite often the *adobes* are only blocks of turf 10 x 4 x 24 inches, cut out and dried. Furnishings are the same, excepting that the long, curved-handled, narrow-bladed spade will probably be missing, as it is used chiefly in connection with potato culture. Its place will then be taken by a sickle used in harvesting grain.

In the tropical belt the roofs are still of thatch, but small poles and bamboo canes are used for walls. In the upper part of this belt, the sides of the houses are more often plastered, while in the lower regions there are sometimes no walls, a roof which will keep off the rain and sun being all that is necessary. The sickle is re-

placed here by a *machete*, or long knife, used for cutting sugar-cane, and sometimes there will be a brush hook. In these huts one quite often finds a table of bamboo canes lashed together; beds are sometimes made in the same way. As the huts are more open and wood is plentiful, the interiors are not so dingy and smoke-ridden as the houses in the higher altitudes. In all sections one meets Indians who own a horse or two and in such cases crude paraphernalia for packing will be found. In the highlands the rope is more apt to be woolen, while in the lowlands it will probably be of some fiber.

Food varies of course, but maize is the staple diet everywhere, although used only in small quantities in the tropical belt. In the highlands the menu consists chiefly of corn, parched or boiled, and stews. These are made of potatoes, either in their ordinary state or treated so as to make *chuña* or *moraya*,¹ *occas*, and *años* (two edible roots like nothing we have in this country), corn, various flavoring herbs, peppers, *habas* beans, and meat. The latter may be either mutton, pork, or beef. Beef is rare, as few of the Indians own cattle, and if they do, they cannot afford to kill them for their own use. Sometimes they can buy beef, but not often. Occasionally a llama dies, and in that case llama meat will be on the bill of fare for some time. Once or twice a year a skilled hunter may succeed in getting a deer so that occasionally they have venison. Probably no section of the world, seemingly so wild, has so little game; in fact there is so little that it is a negligible factor in the discussion of the Indian's food supply. As the temperature rarely goes above 40° F. even at midday when the sun is shining brightly, meat will keep indefinitely in the highlands. There is then no danger of loss when a creature as large as a good-sized bull is slaughtered for the use of a single family. Only the horns and hoofs of an animal are wasted. The intestines are a great delicacy, and I saw one case where the blood of a sheep was saved, allowed to coagulate, and then boiled. During the potato harvest it is quite common to see a group gathered around a small fire in which some new potatoes have been roasted. This is called having a *huati'a*.

¹ This treatment consists in alternately soaking and drying the potatoes, several times until they lose all their moisture and can be crushed into a flour which will keep indefinitely. This is called *chuña*. When the potatoes are also allowed to freeze during the process, they give a black flour which is called *moraya*.



Residents of Santa Rosa, fifty miles from Cuzco. A comparison of these Indians with those of Huaracundo will show some of the differences in the styles of clothing between different localities.



Typically dressed women of the cereal belt. They are engaged in setting up, for the benefit of the gringo onlookers, a curious cradle in which the baby is to be placed upright. Their clothing shows that they live midway between the highlands and the lowlands for the *Uiclla* of the woman with the baby is that of the puna dwellers, while the other two have shawls made of machine woven cloth.

In the cereal belt the diet is vegetarian. Stews still are the favorite form of hot food, but there is less fresh meat here. Guinea pigs are to be found in most of the houses and are esteemed a great delicacy, especially baked or roasted on a spit. In towns such as Ollantaytambo, beef can always be bought on Sundays, and mutton is for sale the rest of the week, but the Indians are not the heaviest purchasers. Onions, squashes, peas, red peppers, *habas* (a large bean something like our lima beans), and various vegetables used for flavoring purposes are eaten. A little tropical fruit in the shape of bananas and oranges is enjoyed, but not often, for it has to be brought up from the valleys and is relatively expensive. Temperate fruits, such as peaches, pears, plums, cherries, and strawberries, are plentiful in season and form a very pleasing diversion to the monotony of the diet. *Chuña* and potatoes do not form as great a percentage of the diet, while corn takes a relatively greater place. In this belt it is very commonly eaten as *mote* or hulled corn. Bread is more common in this belt than in the others, but it is not eaten in any very great quantities by the Indians.

In the tropical region the diet is quite different. Dried mutton (*chhaqui*) and an occasional chicken or guinea pig, with a little pork, is about all the meat the Indian has. There is very little livestock in this section and when a creature is killed it has to be eaten almost immediately, for meat will spoil over night. Potatoes are also but little eaten as they have to be transported quite a distance. Their place is taken by several very edible roots. Probably the best from our standpoint is the *camote*, a most luscious sweet potato or yam. *Yuccas*, *casava*, and *racachas* are also delightful features of their vegetarian diet. Onions are brought in from the cereal belt, but most of the condimentary vegetables, such as red peppers, are grown in great abundance. Oranges and bananas form a very important item in the native diet, while other kinds of tropical fruits such as pineapples, alligator pears, *chirimoyas*, and bread fruit are often enjoyed. Although coffee is grown at altitudes of about 8,000 feet, I never knew of the Indians using it. Bread is scarce, and expensive; it is eaten only by the whites.

Coca (the leaves of the plant from which is obtained cocaine)

is in common use at all altitudes. With the native beer, *chicha*, it can almost be classed as an article of food, so extensively is it used. It is one of the best paying products of the valleys and pack trains laden with it are constantly met on the trail. It is for sale at all the little stores along the way. With it, the traveling Indian is practically independent of other food supplies. *Chicha* can also be secured at almost any hut by the roadside, a bunch of flowers tied to the end of a stick projecting several feet out from the hut being the sign of its presence. A new bunch of flowers is always put out when a new brew is put on sale, and from the condition of the bouquet can be judged the age of the beverage. The *chicha* of the highlands is more often made of potatoes, but occasionally the corn *chicha* is imported. Rum is usually kept at hand, but the regular use of alcoholic beverages is not as common in the upper regions as in the other two sections. In the corn belt, *chicha* is a part of the daily diet, and about one fourth of a man's income is spent for this. In the tropical belt the fermented but undistilled cane juice is drunk, together with a great deal of rum. *Chicha* and rum constitute the drinks of the Indian, for while lager beer is made at two breweries in Cuzco, and can be secured everywhere, the Indian cannot afford to buy it.

The occupations of the highland Indian are stockherding and potato raising. Most of the stock belongs to the owner of the *finca* but the Indian is allowed to pasture his own sheep and cattle with the rest. These are not many, although I found one Indian who claimed to own forty sheep, fifteen cows, and two pigs. He paid ten soles (\$5.00 gold) a year rental and had to work one week each year for the *finca* owner. Potatoes are grown on the hillsides. The turf is turned up by the Indian with his narrow-bladed shovel or spade. His wife or some of his children accompany him, turning the clods and breaking them up. The stock are usually herded by the smaller children who become shepherds almost as soon as they can walk. Nondescript sheep dogs help them and the ancient sling is still in active service. Some of the miniature shepherds are quite adept in its use. The women of the family, in addition to working in the fields, do the cooking and weaving, although they



A typical hut on the lower edge of the cereal belt. On the thatch roof are seen stalks of *quinua*, a cereal-belt grain, which have been brought down to the lower altitude to dry.



"Coca (the leaves of the plant from which is obtained cocaine) is commonly used in all altitudes. It is one of the best paying products of the valleys and pack trains laden with it are constantly met on the trail."

are often helped in the latter by the men. The life of these highland Indians is wild and untrammelled. Only when they go to the *fincas* to perform the few days labor which they owe as rental, or when perhaps they go to one of the smaller towns to celebrate a feast or barter some of their mountain produce, such as potatoes, hides, or wool, for some of their meager necessities like *chancaca* (brown sugar) or salt, do they see very much of their fellow men. They move as lack of pasture may demand, but always to some spot as wild and desolate as that from which they came.

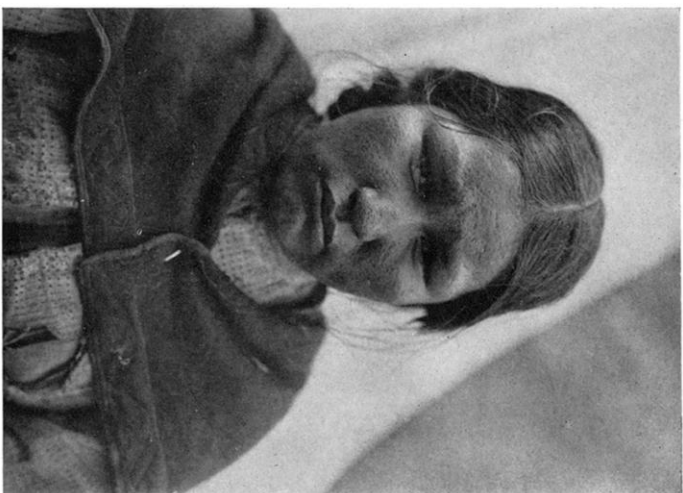
From the standpoint of occupations we can distinguish two divisions in the cereal belt. In the upper, some potatoes are grown, but the chief products are wheat and barley. For the most part the Incas live on the *fincas* and are employed on them the year round. These, together with those highland renters who come down only at harvest and planting time, and some few renters who live in the villages nearby, perform the labor. In some towns, as Chincheros, and Pucyura-in-Vilcabamba, there are a number of independent farmers who cultivate their own little plots of ground. Oxen and wooden plows prepare the land; sickles reap the ripened grain; wooden flails thresh it; forked sticks and wooden shovels fan it; and burros and llamas carry it to the *finca*, and then to the market.

In the lower division of this belt, corn is the chief product with a little barley and alfalfa grown for fodder. The Indians are compelled to work for the owners of the *finca* during the planting period and the harvest, for in this region practically all the land belongs to large estates. In the intervals between the sowing and reaping, the Indians are privileged to grow a little stuff on the small plots of land which are given them along with their huts. Pay varies according to the privileges given and the amount of work required of the individual, but in the cereal belt it is rarely more than fifteen cents gold a day. Between the periods of heavy labor, many of the natives who live in or near towns often engage at day labor as masons, hod carriers, etc. Some of them go as *arrieros* or muleteers, carrying goods to and from the valleys. Some towns, such as Maras, are noted for having the majority of their inhabitants

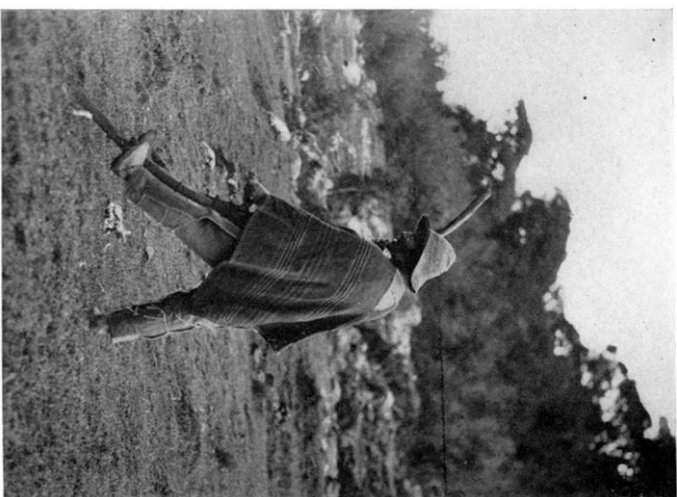
engaged in this trade. In the case of the Mareños, the women are usually found accompanying their men. Other towns have the commercial spirit, developed more among the women than the men, and the road between Cuzco and Urubamba, especially in strawberry season, is constantly dotted with small caravans of *cholas*, Indian women, who are going to or from the market at Cuzco.

In the tropical belt, the Indians are employed in the various sugar and coca plantations. In the latter both men and women are employed, for the women are faster at picking the leaves than the men and do not have to be given as much pay for an equal amount of labor. The men have steady employment, receiving a minimum wage of fifteen cents gold a day. In addition, they receive, rent free, a small hut with a patch of ground on which to cultivate their sweet potatoes, yucca, and bananas, which form the main articles of their diet. Those who live a few miles distant from the plantation have more land for these purposes. As a very little labor will produce most of their food, the Indians of the tropical belt have no trouble in avoiding starvation. As actual money is received in exchange for their daily labor, and food costs only a little time and energy, the lowland Indian has more capital to invest on clothes than has the highland Indian. Consequently the lower valleys provide a better market for "store clothes" than do the *punas*.

The hours of labor on the plantations are usually from 7:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., although in some of the places they start as early as six o'clock in the morning. At times in the cereal belt when the harvest is at its height, work will continue later than six in the evening. But as this section of Peru is only about 13 degrees south, it does not get light much before 5:00 a.m., even in the summer time, nor stay light later than 7:00 p.m., so that it is not possible to have the long hours which characterize the North American harvest day. The Indian usually starts work without having eaten anything since supper the night before, so that at nine o'clock or thereabouts he is given an hour for breakfast. Ordinarily the meal is brought to him by his wife or some other member of his family.



"The pureblooded Indian woman is rarely attractive. The women cut their hair at times, but even when it is allowed to grow, it seldom comes below the shoulders. The ravages of small-pox have also disfigured a great many."



One of the chief occupations of the highland Indian is potato raising. This shows one of them engaged in turning up the sod with his long-handled, narrow-bladed spade.

The children accompany her and all eat together, the man being served first. At twelve o'clock, a half hour is given for drinking *chicha* and chewing *coca*. Sometimes the *chicha* is brought by the women, often however as was the case when the work was going on at *Yankihuasi*,¹ one of the men will collect ten cents in advance for all of them and bring back a huge olla containing several gallons of it. At four comes another rest of an hour, this time for supper. I found the Indians rather afraid that I would try to deprive them of several minutes of rest, but after they learned that I played fair there was little trouble in getting them started again. They keep at their work as steadily as the average unskilled labor in this country. They are accustomed to a certain amount of abusive language and expect it, but I found at *Yankihuasi* that the majority could be depended upon to work along as best they could even when I was not around. Some of them actually came to take an interest and pride in their work.

As might be expected, the methods of work are everywhere rather antiquated in almost every line of endeavor, although it is quite true that some of the larger establishments are taking on more modern ways. This often leads to a very interesting mingling of the old and the new: as when on a sugar plantation equipped with electric lights and modern stills, cultivation is done by oxen and wooden plows.

Old and sometimes unique methods are particularly exemplified in building operations as I found out at Ollantaytambo. During the reconstruction of *Yankihuasi*, I attempted to apply some North American labor methods. I purchased two modern wheelbarrows, only to have them lie idle for the first three weeks, until I succeeded in partially educating several Indians to their use. I decided that a longhandled shovel would save their backs—but in ten minutes after they had received them they had thrown them aside and were doubled up with their shorthanded, acute-angled, hoe-like spades.

¹ *Yankihuasi* (house of the Yankee) was the headquarters of the Peruvian Expedition during 1915. As no suitable place existed in Ollantaytambo, a small dilapidated establishment was rented and five weeks of strenuous labor on the part of some thirty-five Indians and *mestizoes* under the direction of the writer, was necessary to make it ready for occupancy.

I made four ladders on an American pattern, but the Indians never ceased to complain because the treads hurt their bare feet. I wanted them to carry mortar in a trough-like receptacle such as is used by our hod-carriers,—but no, skins had always been used, since Ollantay himself had lived there.

Earth for mortar was dug with a hoe. Much treading served to mix the straw with the mud, and give it the right consistency. Both mortar and stones were carried to the wall in goat skins, and were there put in place by our scantily-utensiled mason. Two Indians mixed the mortar, three carried it to the wall, and two brought stones: thus seven men in all were required to tend one mason.

Walls are commonly whitewashed with chalk. After the chalk has been ground and strained, it is mixed with a thin gelatinous liquid made from the juice of cactus and water, containing as much salt as can be taken up in solution. This fluid is supposed to make the whitewash less likely to rub off and it serves its purpose well. It is applied with brushes made by the Indians from *ichu* grass which is brought down from the highlands above, and also serves as straw for the mortar.

Quichua, the language which the Inca forced upon all the conquered tribes of the Andean plateau, is rarely used in the coastal districts and most of the upper class in the large cities such as Lima and Arequipa have, or affect, an ignorance of their native tongue. However, in the highlands of Cuzco, it is almost entirely spoken even by the *mestizoes*, and a great many of the pure-blooded whites not only never tire of praising its beauties, but rather despise the other Peruvians who are not acquainted with it. In its several dialects it is in use throughout the greater part of Peru, but the idiom of the vicinity of Cuzco is recognized as most like the language of the ill-fated Atahualpa.

A study of the language by a foreigner is made difficult by the fact that while there are grammars to be obtained, they are for the most part either identical with, or based on those made by the early Spaniards. Since the sixteenth century many words have dropped out of the language, syntax has changed, and various Span-



"The women of the family, in addition to working in the fields, do the cooking and weaving although they are often helped in the latter by the men." This resident of the upper cereal belt is very typically dressed excepting that his leggings are of untanned cowhide rather than of homespun.



"Between the periods of heavy labor on the plantations and farms, many of the natives who live in or near towns often engage at day labor as masons, hod carriers, etc."

ish words have been Quichuanized. In addition, early writers were very careless in their orthography and no clear distinction was made in the spelling of certain sounds which to the untrained ear are very similar. For example, the differentiation into its six different sounds of the Quichua guttural *c* or *k* is difficult when we have only the two characters, but it must be done to avoid serious mistakes. The absence of a slight click turns a "gentleman" into "a lake of grease" or a "gate of the rainbow" into "the door of a pig-pen."

To one with purely linguistic interests, the language should provide many attractions. Like all primitive idioms, it contains a great many compound words, some of which are quite ingenious. The adjective "imperceptible" is made up of three words, *accosayay-huchaylla*, meaning "the size of little sand." An "incorruptible" man is one who "does not turn to one side," *mana-huakllik*. "To inherit" is literally "to take the place of the dead one," *huañukpa-rantin-yaycuy*, while a "grave" is "the heart of the earth," *allpak-soncco*. "Experience" is a "ripe heart," *pocusca-soncoy*, and "to experiment" is "to take hold on memory," *yayay-happiy*. A "fervent" man is one "having a beautifully burning heart," *sumak-raurak-soncco*; an "inconstant" man has his "heart on one side," *huaklli-soncco*. "Foreigners" are "those belonging to a city a great distance off," *caru-caru-llaktayoc*, and a "window" is a "hole that sees," *ccahuana-ttocco*.

A study of the language is of interest to the ethnologist as well as the linguist, for the flashlike glimpses which it gives of old Inca characteristics should be useful in understanding their descendants. For example, the Quichua tongue has no words for key or lock, which might indicate an abundance of trust in their fellowmen or an absence of valuable personal property, but the presence of words for lying, stealing, and all forms of drunkenness shows that there was room for moral improvement. This holds true today. The absence of words for buying and selling shows the simplicity of their economic life, while the importance of agriculture is demonstrated by their having one word, *llank'ay*, for our words "work" and "cultivate." That they had not gone far in philosophy is shown by a lack of words denoting abstract qualities, and where they do exist

they are evidently made words, *i. e.*, "hypocrisy" is *iscay-sonccoycay*, literally, "to be of two hearts." Pacifism was evidently known to them, for the same word, *auccay*, is used for "soldier" and "enemy."

The religion of the Indians is called the Roman Catholic, but the mixture of superstition and immorality which masquerades under that name in the Andes would not be tolerated by good Catholics in the United States. Although its influence varies in importance, it may be said to dominate the life of the Indians. It is strongest in the highland districts and the upper part of the cereal belt. At Chincheros practically all the residents of the parish were regular attendants at Sunday morning mass, men as well as women. In Ollantaytambo the hostile attitude of all the landowners seemed to have an effect, and although perhaps half of the Indians were intermittent church-goers, the excommunication pronounced by the local *cura* on all those who worked for us, had no effect in diminishing our labor supply. On the sugar plantations the influence of the church is maintained by a yearly visit of a priest at which time marriages, baptisms, and funeral services are celebrated for the past year. The fees in connection with these celebrations seem exorbitant when compared with the wages of the Indian, which are only fifteen cents per diem. Masses cost \$2.00 up; marriages \$3.50 up; funerals \$4.00; but baptisms are relatively cheap, as low as fifteen cents. As a result baptisms are relatively frequent, but a great many Indians die unshriven and even more pass their lives in unlawful wedlock. However, as far as I could find out, the lack of a marriage ceremony does not tend towards instability in the marriage relation, and it certainly carries no moral obloquy.

The greater hold of the church in the highlands is demonstrated in several ways. Even the common Indian greeting in the Sierras consists of the religious phrase "*Ave. Mari'a puri'sima!*" while in the lowlands the Virgin birth of Christ does not seem to be of so much importance, and they say "*Buenos Dias!*" The highland houses are much more apt to have small crosses fixed in the roof; in the highlands one finds more wayside shrines; all passes of course have their piles of stone surmounted by a cross—an adaptation no doubt

of the *apacheteas* of the Inca worship, but now possessing a Christian significance. With this exception I could find no evidence of the survival today of any features of the old Inca religion. The work of the early *padres* in substituting church feasts for those of the sun worship seems to have been complete and the mixture of religious ceremony and heathen superstition is absolute. Chincheros was the only locality which could boast of an equal percentage of male and female attendants at church services. Women usually predominate. The churches in all the towns are in a poor state of repair, they are typical of the general filth of the country, and the pictures and statues of the various saints are extremely revolting.

At Chincheros I came into closer touch with the actual Indian life than anywhere else and I was enabled to observe very well several of the more important feasts which took place. Life there was the more interesting because there is less mixture of the old and new in that locality than in any other place of its size in the department. Also, the relations between the church and the people are more untouched by the modern wave of doubt which is sweeping over even such a conservative country as Peru.

The people here are divided into twelve clans or *ayllus* and as the majority do not belong to any *finca*, they exercise quite a bit of self-government under the direction of the *gobernador*¹ appointed from Urubamba. The *Pongos*, *Yanacuna*, and *Ccupers* are the three leading clans and their representatives dominate affairs. At the head of each *ayllu* is an *alcalde*, elected annually. He is assisted by a young man called a *regidor*, who is also elected yearly. Both carry canes as badges of office. That of the *alcalde* is a large silver-topped and silver-banded affair, about four feet long; the *regidor's* is a slender piece of black palm wood, about three feet long with a cross carved at the top. Both are shod with points of iron several inches long. These are not the personal property of the users in most cases, but belong to some family which has had

¹ The *Gobernador* who holds the ruling office in all small towns is the representative of the Federal Government and is responsible only to the sub-prefect of his province, who in turn is responsible to the prefect of the department and the latter in turn to the President of the Republic.

one in its possession through a number of years, and rents it out annually to the *alcalde*.

The New Year's feast when the new *alcalde* takes office is the most important of the ten feasts in which every man who has a well-rounded life has to take part before he dies. These feasts are both civil and religious. The five civil feasts take place when a young man becomes of age, on his marriage, when his first child is born, at his appointment as *regidor*, and at his election as *alcalde*. Custom demands that on these occasions he invite his friends to celebrate. Part of this celebration is the performance of a mass by the *cura*, who receives no less than four soles (\$2.00) in money and an additional present of some livestock, usually a sheep. *Chicha* must be provided for all those attending. In addition there must be a group of professional dancers, and a band. Naturally this costs quite a bit of money, but the price is cheerfully paid, as it shows that a man is able to fulfill his duties. It is rightly named a *cargo*.

For the proper execution of the five more important religious feasts certain committees are elected each year and care is taken that no one shall have to serve twice on the same committee. This committee has to carry out a *cargo* as above outlined and if there is any failure to do what is considered the proper thing, such a person is sure to lose caste.

As these feasts are the most important events in the lives of the Indians, and as the way in which they are observed indicates clearly the state of their civilization, I will describe three of them.

The New Year's feast at Chincheros was the most interesting affair I saw in Peru. Since the previous Sunday the town had been quiet as a grave. The tumbledown houses showed no more life than the beautiful Inca wall which takes up one side of the plaza. But Thursday morning, the last day of the old year, brought with it an unaccustomed feeling as though something were going to happen. Perhaps it was the long-drawn-out wail of the conch shells which sounded at intervals summoning the people from far and near to get ready for the celebration, or possibly it was because the sun was shining brightly after many days of cloud and rain.



"In the tropical belts the Indians are employed in the various sugar and coca plantations." On the better regulated plantations, they receive their pay every Saturday night, and this shows the laborefs waiting for their wages at the Hacienda of Huadquiña. This is one of the most famous plantations in the Department of Cuzco, and its owner is the proprietress of an estate nearly thirty-five miles square.



"The Indian usually starts work without having eaten anything since supper the night before, so that at 9:00 or thereabouts, he is given an hour for breakfast. Ordinarily the meal is brought him by his wife or some other member of the family. The children accompany her and all eat together, the men being served first."

But whatever it was, I had that uncomfortably happy feeling of the small boy waiting for the circus parade. I tried to work at Quichua, but finally gave it up and devoted the next two days to being a part of Chincheros' biggest festival.

All day long from my vantage point on the adobe wall overlooking the *gobernador's* patio, I watched the Indians come trooping in, each party bringing its own wherewithal for a good time. In the lead were always both the old and the newly elected *alcalde*, clothed in picturesque festal garb. Gone was the customary reversible black and red hat, and in its place a new felt one. The poncho was longer, wider, and newer than usual, gaudy-colored and befringed. On their feet, usually sandalled or bare, were stiff black shoes—with no stockings—which plainly caused the wearer much suffering in return for the honor they conferred. Following them came a band, consisting generally of a fife or flute, snare drum, bass drum, and a conch shell or two. In one instance, there were several ear-splitting bugles. In the rear came the women and other members of the clan. On arrival obeisance was made to the *gobernador* and then *chicha* was dispensed to all. Several times it was offered to me, but I declined with thanks. The favorite receptacle for this dispensation was a shallow saucer. The advantage accruing to its use lay in the persistent tendency upon the part of the liquid to distribute itself over the face, hands, and clothes of the drinker. After everyone had indulged, the party left to pay a similar visit to other sections of the town. At first I thought there were a great many of these little groups, but soon I came to recognize the leading characters and discovered that there were only five or six who kept "repeating."

In the evening occurred the ceremony of the *despedidia* or leave-taking. In former years the new *alcaldes* had had to go to receive their *varas* or staffs of office, at Calca, some five or six leagues away, and it had been the custom to have a gathering the night before to wish them godspeed. Although now there is no longer any necessity for the custom, the ceremony has continued—probably because it furnished another opportunity for a convivial and "wet" gathering. At dusk that evening I joined the *gobernador's* party,

when escorted by four *alcaldes* he went to the main plaza. Here we found about a hundred natives drawn up in three groups representing the three main *ayllus*. In each group the men were separated from the women, and all were seated in a semi-circle. We climbed a dark, rickety flight of stairs to the town hall, or *salón municipal*, from whose balcony we could look down on the crowd. For several hours I stood there in the dark and watched the people below quietly and very decorously passing the jars of *chicha* from one to another. Although most of them were more or less intoxicated there was no loud talking, only the steady hum of low-pitched voices like that of a hive of bees. Every little while, the three leading *alcaldes*, assisted by their *regidores*, ascended, bringing *chicha* with them which they insisted on our drinking.

Although the celebration soon palled on me, the Indians spent the night in drinking *chicha* and marching around the town, stopping at different places for short dancing and drinking bouts. I went to sleep with drums and conch shells still sounding in my ears, and they were at it again the next morning when I awoke.

About nine o'clock, the morning of the New Year, the crowd began to assemble in the *gobernador's patio*. The *alcaldes*, both the newly elected and the previous incumbents, were attired in felt hats, long fur-lined military capes, some of which looked as if they had been handed down through the four centuries since the arrival of the *conquistadores*, gaudily trimmed ponchos, new homespun trousers, and stiff ill-fitting shoes. With so much more clothing on than usual, they were perspiring very freely, and their new shoes had already caused most of them to acquire a slight limp which was accentuated as the day went on. The women were there too, in all their best dresses, their hats garlanded with flowers and their clothes decked out in various ways with colored paper streamers. Although the dancing had not yet begun, several groups of fantastically clad clowns were in the crowd. Music was dispensed by a band of two snare drums, three bass drums, four conch shells, and one horn. The crowd was very good natured and only one fight occurred, caused by rival claims to a *regidor's vara*. At ten o'clock the signal was given for the *alcaldes* to gather in the *gobernador's*

salon to take the oath of office, and to officially receive the *vara*. The room was on the second floor, reached by a narrow staircase, up which only two people at a time could possibly ascend. But there were twelve old and twelve new *alcaldes* with as many more *regidores*, each one of which seemed to feel that the celebration would be a failure unless he arrived first. As a result, my memory of a six o'clock rush in the New York subway, or of a crowd leaving the Yale Bowl after the Harvard game, faded into insignificance before the confusion of this Chincheros drive. To add to the mix-up, when halfway up the stairs, several *alcaldes* decided that they did not need their hats or overcoats. They tried to descend, but finding that impossible, they contented themselves with throwing said unnecessary articles of clothing into the arms of their friends who were down below. Eventually all whose presence was desirable arrived, the oaths were administered, and the crowd started for church to celebrate mass.

On arrival we found it filled to the doors with kneeling Indians. I followed the *gobernador* to the front, where we dispossessed several Indians, who, arriving early, had taken the best seats in the synagogue only to be asked to move down. Not that they were worth much as seats, for most of the time we were either kneeling or standing, but we took them as a matter of principle; *i. e.*, to show the superiority of the whites. In our desire to secure the high places we neglected to do the first series of bowings and scrapings which were being carried on as we threaded our way through the kneeling crowd, but during the rest of the service we more than atoned for this neglect. I had attended mass before so by keeping close watch on the *gobernador* I managed to hold my own during the proceedings. However, I nearly beat a retreat towards the close of the mass when two sacristans in dirty white shirts and ragged red skirts picked up two silver implements, one a shield and the other a cross, took them to the priest who blessed them, and then carried them to the worshippers who kissed them. I tried to escape, but the wily church attendant was too much for me, and my only consolation was that I was among the first to have them shoved in my face.

After the service we all went to the plaza, stopping in front of the town hall where the *gobernador* announced that all young men who had come of age during the past year were called to military service. The priest who had, at the last election been made *Alcalde Municipal* (an officer corresponding more or less to that of Chief Selectman in a New England town), then read in both Spanish and Quichua the law in regard to military service. After this ceremony, we all went to the priest's house, escorted by quite a party which showed its affection for the *cura* by showering him with rose petals, while he reciprocated by allowing some of the women to kiss his hand. At his house lunch was served to the visiting celebrities. After the meal was over, the priest dispensed liquor to all those who had followed him from the church, giving a second round to the municipal band which had dispensed music to us during lunch.

By this time the center of activities had shifted to the *patio* of the *gobernador*, who on account of a bitter rivalry with the *cura* as to who should get the most graft from the Indians, was *persona non grata*, and so had not attended the luncheon. Here had assembled most of the *alcaldes* and during the afternoon the festivities were fast and furious. Each of the three more important *ayllus* had provided a set of dancers which took turns in performing. These men were dressed up in the garb of women, wearing weird and outlandish masks. The dance itself consisted of little more than a series of feet shufflings, while the dancers kept time to the music by waving a piece of white cloth about two feet square attached to a short stick. They danced a pair at a time, but once one pair, which seemed to be the prime favorites, repeated a dance while another pair was supposed to have the center of the stage—much to the disgust of the latter. Between dances the *gobernador* dispensed *aguardiente* (rum), while *chicha* flowed freely all the time. The band was allowed to imbibe occasionally, but they were supposed to keep the music going pretty steadily. The dancers made no noise with their mouths and even in their festivities, the Indians did not seem to get very far away from their natural taciturnity. About three o'clock the crowd left the *gobernador's*, but the festiv-

ities were kept up the rest of the day and far into the night in other localities.

Although the feast officially terminates on New Year's evening, it is kept up intermittently into the Feast of the Kings, which comes the 5th, 6th, and 7th of January. On the 6th occurs another big day similar to the one just described. It had two added features. At the church, the *alcalde* in charge of ecclesiastical affairs had his staff blessed for him, and a small image of the Christ child was taken in solemn procession from the *gobernador's* house to mass and back again. Most of the *alcaldes* took part in this procession, which was carried out with all the pomp the little village could bring about.

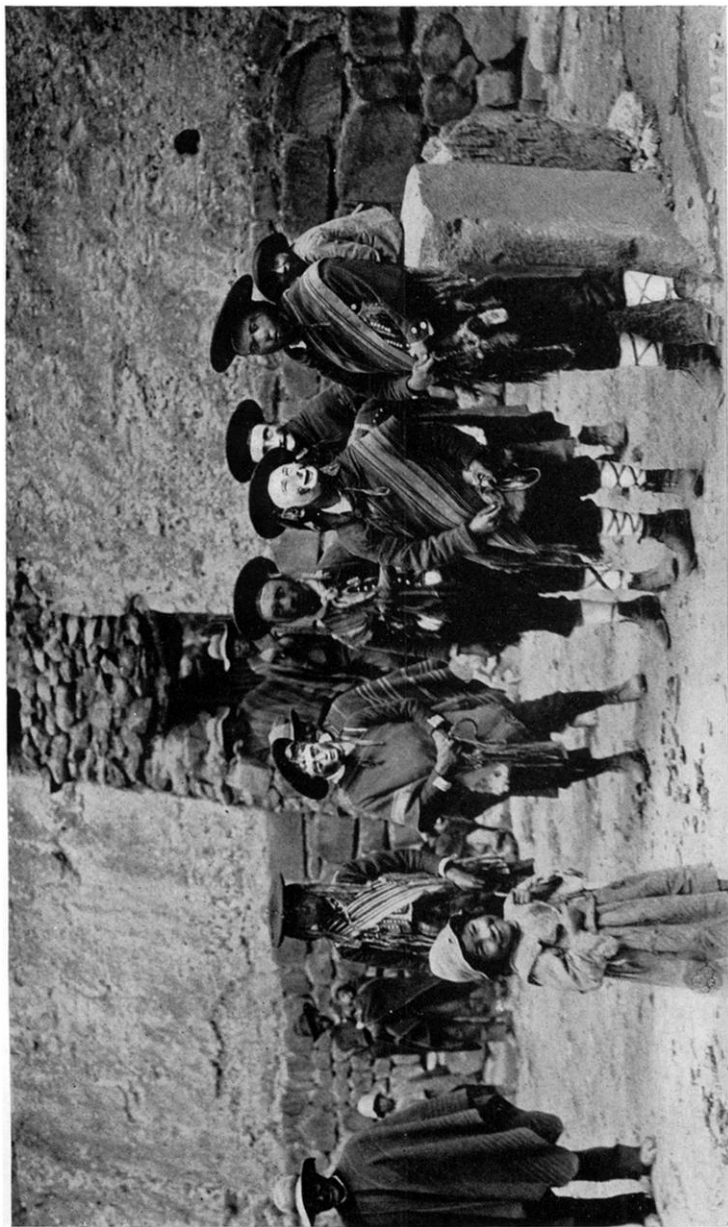
On Compadres' Day, February 4, I attended a feast at Marcacocha, about three leagues northeast of Ollantaytambo. The name is applied to a small valley in which is a deserted chapel. The region around here was formerly thickly settled, but the inhabitants left and now only the chapel remains. This is famous as the residence of a small image of the Christ child which tradition states left the altar one day to play with a young girl who had entered the chapel, and who later as result of this indiscretion on the part of the chalk image gave birth to a child. The celebration on Compadres' Day is in commemoration of this remarkable event. (It might be added here that it is not at all uncommon to find a lonely, deserted chapel used only once a year for the celebration of some feast when large numbers of people gather from all sections. One of these, held in July at a large church in the vicinity of Maras, is the occasion of the most celebrated horse fair in the department.)

Merchants and vendors of knickknacks, cooked foods, and alcoholic beverages had arrived at Marcacocha the day before and had set up temporary booths on a little flat not far from the church. On the feast day, some two hundred of the residents of nearby towns and villages came to enjoy the festivities, a number coming from as far as Urubamba. During the morning the time was spent in renewing old acquaintances and getting drunk. At noon a free lunch was dispensed to visiting celebrities. At two o'clock mass was held by the priest from Ollantaytambo, after which the "infant" was given his yearly promenade. Placed on a gaudily-decorated

throne, it was carried several yards along the mountain trail, which happens to be level just here, on the shoulders of religious volunteers, desirous of performing a pious act. In several instances women became so enthused that they offered their shoulders to the burden for brief intervals. Every few rods the assemblage stopped and the *cura* went through a brief service. Eventually the image was returned in safety to the altar where it was to rest quietly another year.

Dancers performed at intervals during the day, and held the scene while the small plaza was being prepared for a mock bullfight. No killing was to take place, for bulls were too valuable, but those desirous of becoming famous as bull-baiters were to be given their chance. It took quite a while to build a pen in which the bull was to be baited before being turned loose into the plaza, and still longer to get the animal aroused. Even so, when the bull was finally forced into the ring it calmly looked the crowd over and withdrew. The same thing happened with the second and also with the third bull. Accordingly as prospects of excitement along that line did not seem good, and as the master of ceremonies could offer none other than licentious inducements for a further stay we left the scene of operations early in the afternoon.

The only important feast which I saw in Ollantaytambo was the Feast of the Trinity, which came on Sunday, May 25. The festivities of the day were in charge of three separate *patrones* who had to provide dancers, costumes, and intoxicants. These *patrones* in each case were *mestizos* of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, and seemingly a step above the ordinary Indian. The first group I met was composed of six Indian men, dressed as usual, excepting for having black shoes, white stockings, colored paper streamers attached to various parts of their clothing, and hideous masks on their faces. Their dance, performed to music furnished by a flute and bass and snare drum, although for the most part consisting of the same sort of shuffle which characterized all the dancing, had one unique feature. Towards the end, one of the performers pretended to be dead. The others then picked him up and carried him by means of the decorated slings, which were appurtenances of their



“The first group I met was composed of six Indian men dressed as usual, excepting for having black shoes, white stockings, colored paper streamers attached to various parts of their clothing, and hideous masks on their faces.”

dress, to a little distance, and then dropped him rather forcibly on the ground. The corpse immediately came to life and seemed to be desirous of getting revenge for his untimely decease for he pursued the others, lashing at them furiously with his sling. As was to be expected, between dances *chicha* was dispensed to the dancers and orchestra by the patron.

The second group was composed of one boy and six little girls from eight to fourteen years old. The boy, who led the dancing, was dressed like a girl and wore a wig of yellow horse hair. His face was covered with a mask, and, wearing a grandee's cape and carrying a tin foil sword, he cut a most dashing figure. The girls were dressed in white. Colored bands, from which hung silver coins, were wound around their foreheads and in these were stuck colored feathers. Around their chins were draped white cloths, so that they were rather effectually masked. Their dance was something of the "Virginia Reel" type and the little girls showed quite a bit of ease and grace in their movements. The third group was dressed in typical Indian costume, with many strings of beads and colored decorations. Their band was similar to that of the first group, but the second group had an "orchestra"; a one-string fiddle taking the place of the flute. Their dance was also rather civilized in character; in fact these two groups of dancers seemed to be very far from the aboriginal and much less "Indian."

Mass was celebrated both Sunday and Monday. All three groups attended, but not many others were present. The feast continued through Tuesday. An *arranco de gallos* was supposed to take place that day, but unfortunately we could not remain in town to see it. This consists, so I was told, of tying several fowls to a high branch and then having riders go full tilt under the tree and attempt to grab them, the successful grabber keeping as a prize the fowl he is able to carry off.

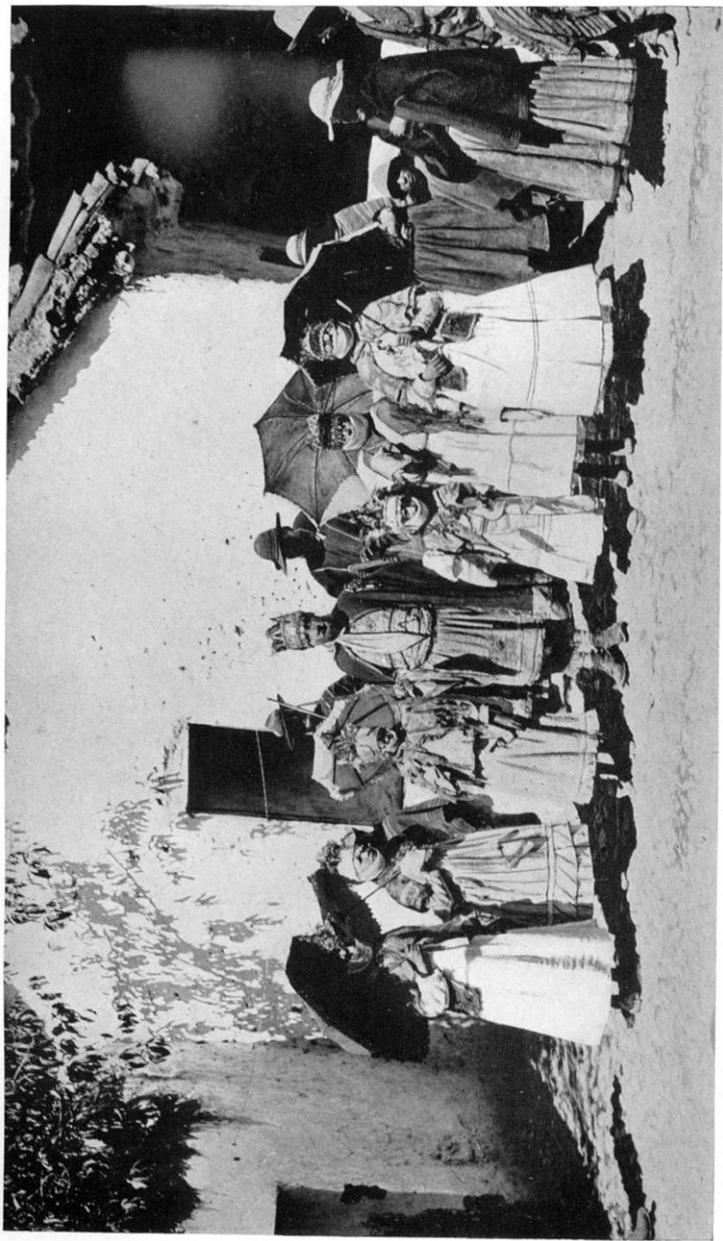
These constitute the leading feasts in which the participants are Indians and *mestizoes*. Each *finca* or *hacienda* has its own feast during the year in honor of the patron saint of the proprietor; these vary in importance according to the religious tendencies of the owner. Religion and superstition are so thoroughly mixed that it

is almost impossible to distinguish the features which may have come down from the feasts of the old Inca times. Drunkenness is invariably a leading part of the festivity, as necessary for its success as the celebration of the mass itself.

It is difficult, then, to get hold of things, apart from religious customs, which might be classed as superstition. The custom of placing crosses on the houses is a religious superstition, and yet it is a practice closely connected with placing skulls of animals there to ward off ill luck. The highland Indians prefer not to sell sheep except early in the morning before they have left the fold, for they believe that selling sheep at any other time is liable to hurt the breed. Many of them when they receive a coin kiss it. The reason for this I could never find out. The mountain Indians are intensely afraid of fresh air. They bundle up around the throat and mouth even when walking barefooted in the snow, and their huts have no openings but a door. Kerosene is the great cure-all, especially for eye troubles. Rheumatism is "cured" and "prevented" by tying a string around the ankles. In Ollantaytambo one day an Indian seeing us carrying a camera fastened to a tripod, thought we were diviners and asked us to please find out where his sweetheart was. As a general rule the Indians, especially the women, did not like to pose for portraits, for they believe that the picture as taken is an X-ray affair, and shows them in a nude condition. Their explanation of our desire to carry away skulls is that on getting them to the United States we can make them talk and thus acquire information about buried treasure.

Most of the Indians are very poor. A few of the more prosperous in the highlands have a few head of stock but that is about all. A sheep is worth only a dollar, a llama, two dollars and a half, burros, two dollars and a half to five, and a horse, such as an Indian might have, is not worth more than ten or fifteen dollars. The Indian whose total wealth would reach fifty dollars is probably an exception. This however is not the case with the *mestizoes* or *cholos*¹ of Urubamba who are often reputed to be worth several thousand

¹ A *mestizo* is one of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. A *cholo* is either a *mestizo* or an Indian Servant, the term being used to designate a social rather than a racial status.



"The second group was composed of one boy and six little girls from eight to fourteen years old. The boy, who led the dancing, was dressed like a girl and wore a wig of yellow horse hair. His face was covered with a mask; and wearing a grandee's cape and carrying a tin-foil sword, he cut a most dashing figure. The girls were dressed in white. Colored bands from which hung silver coins were wound around their foreheads and in these were stuck colored feathers. Around their chins were draped white cloths so that they were rather effectually masked."

dollars. These have the trading instinct very well developed. But the pure-blooded Indian has little or no personal property. The Incan governmental system was not calculated to encourage the growth of a spirit of acquisitiveness and the long period of domination by Spanish conquerors and *hacendados* (landed proprietors) has not tended to the promotion of a feeling of or desire for ownership. The highland native seems to be satisfied with merely keeping alive. He has no ambition to better himself, and an increase in pay means to him merely the necessity for less work.

A number of things may have contributed to this present low condition: cocaine, ignorance, and alcohol. The deleterious effects of the constant chewing of coca leaves has without doubt played a very large part. There has been little effort on the part of the government or church to provide education for the average Indian; one who can so much as write his name being the exception. The most important cause of their decline, however, is probably the great amount of alcohol drunk. With the Indian, drinking always leads to intoxication if he can afford it. The habit of inebriation has such a strong hold on these unfortunate people that the Indian's one ambition has come to be to secure enough liquor to get himself drunk.

In the routine of his daily life, the Indian is rather capable and shows quite an ability to adapt himself to conditions at hand. On our trip over the old Inca trail from Huayllabamba to Machu Picchu,¹ the laborers who accompanied us showed no small amount of skill at making rude shelters quickly of boughs and grass. When we had to replace bridges there was no hesitation as to how it should be done—making rude bridges over country streams had always been part of their daily life. Although the use of a wheelbarrow was beyond them in building operations, in certain things such as whitewashing, plastering, or making *adobes* they showed considerable skill and carefulness.

On the whole, the Indian's life is very dreary. Practically his only pleasures are bestial carousals. The children have no toys, are almost never seen engaged in play. As soon as they are able

¹ See *The National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1916.

to walk they are set to work. In the highlands, sheep are herded by boys and girls scarcely as tall as the animals themselves. As there is always a new baby in the family, there is always nursery work for the "little mothers," and one often sees a child of four staggering under the weight of a "baby-bundle" nearly as large as itself. Only in two instances did I ever see any signs of affection towards infants. At Pucyura while I was talking with an Indian woman who had a baby a year old, her daughter, a girl of perhaps twelve, came home. She immediately grabbed up the baby, kissed it several times, and for a few moments acted as though she really cared for the little tot. In Ollantaytambo the head mason who worked on our house showed a great deal of pride in his male offspring, and used to try to amuse it during the breakfast and supper hour. Even in the towns the children seem to have no games, and are early taught to spend their spare time in such utilitarian pursuits as collecting firewood and forage. Several times in Ollantaytambo I saw a little girl who could not have been over three years old driving home a sheep loaded with small branches which the child had collected for firewood.

As a race they are very taciturn. The struggle for existence is so keen that they have no strength left for the pursuit of pleasure. The highlanders seldom smile or laugh. Their talk is always subdued and almost monotonous in sound. In the valleys life is a little easier and existence not quite so drab. Here one does occasionally see a smile, and the *chola* women of Urubamba are usually laughing and joking as they pass along the trail. They are, however, of mixed blood and their actions are not typical of the pure-blooded Indian.

They are essentially a kindly people and are generous with one another. I had a good chance to observe them during their breakfast and supper hours while they were working at *Yankihuasi*. If one man's wife arrived a little late, the others would start him on something of theirs and this would always be paid back when the first's supply had arrived. The laborers of Ollantaytambo showed a kindly spirit towards those of Huarconco and in many cases where these, having come without their women, had little to eat



“The third group was dressed in typical Indian costume with many strings of beads and colored paper decorations.”

but parched corn and *habas* beans, the local Indians offered them some of their own warm stews.

Both towards each other and towards the white people, they are very polite. But it is hard to tell how much their courtesy towards the upper class is really subserviency and fear. After seeing the bowing and scraping which was performed by some of the Indians before the *Gobernador* of Chincheros, the humble way in which others kissed the hands of the *curas*, the way the women shrunk into the brush at the approach along the trail of a white man, and care used in addressing each one of us personally, I am inclined to believe that in their relations with the upper classes, it is fear rather than courtesy which actuates them to a large extent. And yet, they are almost as courteous with one another. When a newcomer joins the group, he always speaks to each member of it, taking off his hat. If *chicha* is being drunk the newcomer is invited to share, and a place is always made for him in the circle. They embrace each other when leaving, although I never saw any kissing.

In my personal relations with the Indians I always met with the greatest courtesy. Whenever I went into a hut, the owner always saw to it that I had a sheepskin or blanket to sit on, after which he or she usually resumed their occupations. My efforts to talk Quichua with them always met with a good reception and they would try in every way to understand me and make themselves understood. The women, while of course not considered of as much importance as the men, are really treated in a manner better than the example set by the upper classes would lead one to expect. In the case of the pure-blooded Indians it is rare to see the man riding and the woman walking, although it is often so in the case of *mestizoes*.

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